

Production No. 3F07

The Simpsons

"MARGE BE NOT PROUD"

Written by

Mike Scully

Created by  
Matt Groening

Developed by  
James L. Brooks  
Matt Groening  
Sam Simon

TABLE DRAFT

Date 5/4/95

NOTE: FOR TABLE READ ONLY

"MARGE BE NOT PROUD"

Cast List

HOMER.....DAN CASTELLANETA  
MARGE.....JULIE KAVNER  
BART.....TRESS MACNEILLE  
LISA.....YEARDLEY SMITH  
ANNOUNCER (V.O.).....DAN CASTELLANETA  
KRUSTY THE KLOWN.....DAN CASTELLANETA  
MAN & WOMAN.....SCOTT MC DONALD/PAMELA HAYDEN  
KIDS.....TRESS MACNEILLE/PAMELA HAYDEN  
WILD SANTA CLAUS.....SCOTT MC DONALD  
COMIC BOOK GUY.....DAN CASTELLANETA  
MILHOUSE.....PAMELA HAYDEN  
CUSTOMER SERVICE GUY....DAN CASTELLANETA  
RICH SUBURBAN MOM.....MAGGIE ROSWELL  
SPOILED LITTLE BOY  
    (GAVIN).....TRESS MACNEILLE  
JIMBO.....PAMELA HAYDEN  
NELSON.....TRESS MACNEILLE  
MARIO-TYPE CHARACTER....SCOTT MC DONALD  
MARIO-TYPE CHARACTER #2.DAN CASTELLANETA  
DONKEY KONG-TYPE.....SCOTT MC DONALD  
LEE TREVINO.....DAN CASTELLANETA  
SONIC-TYPE.....SCOTT MC DONALD

DETECTIVE.....SCOTT MC DONALD  
SANTA CLAUS.....DAN CASTELLANETA  
TROY MCCLURE.....DAN CASTELLANETA  
ANSWERING MACHINE.....SCOTT MC DONALD  
GUARD.....DAN CASTELLANETA  
MANGY SANTA.....SCOTT MC DONALD  
MAGGIE.....PAMELA HAYDEN  
PHOTOGRAPHER.....DAN CASTELLANETA  
MRS. VAN HOUTEN.....MAGGIE ROSWELL  
CHI-CHI RODRIGUEZ.....SCOTT MC DONALD

"Marge Be Not Proud"

by

Mike Scully

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

ON TV

Sleigh BELLS and Christmas MUSIC play as we see a stock shot of a roaring fireplace with stockings hung on the mantle. For some reason, snow is falling in front of the fireplace.

CHYRON: "A KRUSTY KINDA KRISTMAS!"

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

It's..."A Krusty Kinda Kristmas!"

Brought to you by: I.L.G. -- "Selling  
your body's chemicals after you die,"  
and by Li'l Sweetheart Cupcakes -- a  
subsidiary of I.L.G.

We cut to a beautiful dining room decorated for the holidays. KRUSTY enters, wearing an apron and carrying a full turkey dinner.

KRUSTY

(TO CAMERA) Oh, hi! I didn't hear you  
come in. Welcome to my home.

Krusty walks in front of a window where we can clearly see KENT BROCKMAN sitting at the news desk and several stagehands having coffee in the adjoining studio. Krusty quickly pulls the shade down.

KRUSTY (CONT'D)

Say, did I hear some carolers?

He opens the front door, revealing a MAN and a WOMAN surrounded by CHILDREN. (All are wearing heavy winter clothes.) The man and woman start singing awkwardly.

MAN & WOMAN

(TO "LITTLE DRUMMER BOY") Rum-pa-pum-  
pum / Rum-pa-pum-pum / Come, they told  
me (ETC.)

KRUSTY

(RE: MAN) Hey, it's respected private  
citizen Tom Landry!

**CHYRON: "TOM LANDRY"**

KRUSTY (CONT'D)

(RE: WOMAN) And South American  
sensation...

**CHYRON: "XOXCHITLA"**

KRUSTY (CONT'D)

(SQUINTING AT CUE CARD) Uh... (VARIOUS  
ATTEMPTS AT SAYING IT) (BEAT) (KRUSTY  
GROAN)

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

Stay tuned for a video Christmas card  
from Tupac Shakur!

**INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - TV ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

BART and LISA lie on the floor, watching this.

LISA

Hey, I thought Krusty was Jewish...

BART

Christmas is when people of all  
religions come together to worship  
Jesus Christ.

## BACK ON TV

We see a commercial with two kids playing a "Mortal Kombat"-type video game as rock music blares. Amidst a dizzying blur of exciting action, a warrior in a karate robe **PUNCHES** and **KICKS** at a tank, which repeatedly **BLASTS** him in the face.

KIDS

(YAWNING) Bo-ring!

Suddenly, a muscle-bound SANTA CLAUS **CRASHES** through the wall, accompanied by even louder **SPEED METAL**. His red jacket has torn-off sleeves and his black metallic sled is pulled by angry fire-breathing reindeer.

KIDS (CONT'D)

Mom! Dad! Help!

WILD SANTA CLAUS

(PRO WRESTLER VOICE) Ya want  
excitement?! Shove this up yer  
stocking!!

Santa whips out a bazooka and **FIRES** a new game cartridge into the machine.

## ON BART

BART

(IMPRESSED) Whoa!!

## ON TV

Even louder and faster **MUSIC BLARES** as the kids start playing the new game, which is an all-out assault on the senses. Two gigantic warriors with six arms battle it out, martial-arts style, as volcanos fly around spraying lava everywhere and mutant insects rain from the sky.

LISA

(MILDLY INTERESTED) Hmm. That looks  
entertaining.

BART

(INCOHERENT GURGLE OF LUST)

WILD SANTA CLAUS

(TO CAMERA) So tell your folks: Buy me  
"BoneStorm" or go to hell!

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Bart BURSTS in.

BART

Buy me BoneStorm or go to hell!!

MARGE

Bart!

HOMER

(CORRECTING) In this house, we use a  
little word called "please"...

BART

It's the coolest video game ever!

MARGE

I'm sorry, Bart, but those games cost  
up to and including seventy dollars.  
And they're violent and they distract  
you from your schoolwork.

BART

(CALM) Those are all good reasons, but  
the problem is they don't result in me  
getting the game.

HOMER

I know how you feel, Bart. When I was your age, I wanted an electric football game more than anything in the world, and my parents bought it for me, and it was the happiest day of my life.

(BEAT) Well, goodnight.

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - BART'S BEDROOM - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Bart, in pajamas, is on the phone with the Yellow Pages open on his lap.

BART

(ON PHONE) Hello, Toys for Tots?

There's this video game I really,

really want and... What? (LISTENS)

Well, is there a charity that buys toys

for privileged kids? (LISTENS GLUMLY)

Okay.

He hangs up.

BART (CONT'D)

(SIGHS) Maybe kung-fu fighting six-

armed monsters in outer space is just a

crazy dream.

Marge enters.

MARGE

Tuck-in time!

She starts to tuck in the covers around Bart.



MARGE (CONT'D)

(SINGING) All aboard the sleepy train  
/ To visit Mother Goose / Barty's stop  
is Snoozy Lane / To rest his sweet  
caboose.

She pats Bart lovingly on his rear end. He grimaces.

BART

Mo-om, I'm not a little kid anymore.  
Tuck-in Time is lame.

MARGE

Well, if loving my kids is "lame," then  
I guess I'm just a big lame.

BART

Mom, it's lame to be proud of being  
lame.

MARGE

(FEISTY) Well, life is like a box of  
chocolates --

BART

(TRYING TO STOP HER) No, Mom!

Bart throws a metal wastebasket over his head and begins  
**BANGING** it with his shoe. After a beat, he lifts it up  
cautiously.

MARGE

-- never know what --

Bart puts the wastebasket back down and continues **BANGING**.

**EXT. STREET - THE NEXT DAY**

Bart shuffles dejectedly down the street.

BART

Gotta get that game soon. All the  
great video game players do their best  
work before age twelve.

He notices a spinning sign on the sidewalk in front of the  
comic book store. It reads: "BONESTORM - 99 CENTS".

BART (CONT'D)

(EXCITED GASP) Ninety-nine cents!

That's chump change. (FEELING INSIDE  
POCKET) And I think I almost got it.

**INT. COMIC BOOK STORE - CONTINUOUS**

Bart spills his **CHANGE** out on the counter.

BART

*I want to buy a copy of BoneStorm.*  
Here's ninety-nine cents.

COMIC BOOK GUY

(SIGHS) Allow me to summarize the  
proposed transaction: you wish to  
purchase BoneStorm for ninety-nine  
cents. Net profit to me: negative  
fifty-nine dollars.

He opens the cash register and gestures inside.

COMIC BOOK GUY (CONT'D)

Please take my fifty-nine dollars. I  
don't want it. It's yours.

Bart starts to reach into the cash register, but the Comic  
Book Guy pushes his hand away with a pencil.

COMIC BOOK GUY (CONT'D)

Seeing as we are unfamiliar with  
sarcasm, I shall close the register at  
this point. (HE DOES) Ninety-nine  
cents is the rental price.

BART

(EXASPERATED) Then may I please rent  
it, please?

COMIC BOOK GUY

No, you may not. I am all out. Though  
I do have a surprising abundance of Lee  
Trevino's Putting Challenge.

He gestures to a large cardboard cut-out of Lee Trevino  
holding the video game and a word balloon saying "NOW WITH  
SCORING PENCIL!"

BART

(FRUSTRATED MOAN)

**EXT. SIDEWALK - A LITTLE LATER**

A dejected Bart walks home past houses glowing with  
Christmas displays. Sweet Christmas music wafts from each  
house. He comes to a house vibrating with a cacophony of  
**JARRING ELECTRONIC SCREAMS, EXPLOSIONS**, etc. Strobing  
purple laser lights flash from within.

BART

(CONNIVING) Milhouse has BoneStorm.

He still owes me for giving him  
measles.

Bart runs up to the door.

**INT. VAN HOUTEN HOUSE - MILHOUSE'S ROOM - A SECOND LATER**

As lights flash and **SOUND EFFECTS BLARE**, MILHOUSE is  
pressed back into his chair ala the Maxell Tape guy.

MILHOUSE

This is great! And all I've done is  
enter my name! "Thrillhouse!"

**ON THE SCREEN**

Because the name is limited to only eight spaces it reads  
"WELCOME THRILLHO!" Then it flashes "DO YOU WANT TO PLAY?"

MILHOUSE

(READING SCREEN) "Do you want to  
play?" (ENTHUSIASTIC) No!! I mean  
Yes!!

BART

(SLY) Say, Cool Dude, can I play, too?

MILHOUSE

Uh... it's only a one player game.

BART

Then how come it says "2nd Player  
Score"?!

A beat of silence, then...

MILHOUSE

(CALLING OUT) Mom! Bart's swearing!

**EXT. STORE - PARKING LOT - LATER**

Bart stands in front of a large variety store called "Try-  
N-Save."

BART

Maybe if I stand next to the games  
looking sad, someone will feel sorry  
for me and buy me one.

Bart walks through the automatic door. A sign reads: "IN HONOR OF THE BIRTH OF OUR SAVIOR, TRY-N-SAVE IS OPEN ALL DAY CHRISTMAS".

**INT. TRY-N-SAVE - CONTINUOUS**

It's a Wal-Mart type store plastered with cheesy holiday decorations. Bart walks up to the Customer Service desk, but he can't see over the counter. With great effort, he pulls himself up so his eyes just peek over the ledge. He then sees another, higher ledge. He **GROANS**. A CUSTOMER SERVICE GUY slowly leans over the second ledge.

CUSTOMER SERVICE GUY

(FRANK NELSON VOICE) Yes?

Bart's white-knuckled fingers start to slip off the counter.

BART

(BREATHLESS) Where's BoneStorm?

CUSTOMER SERVICE GUY

The video game, or the arthritis cream?

BART

Video game!

Bart loses his grip and falls.

CUSTOMER SERVICE GUY

They're both in aisle six.

**INT. TRY-N-SAVE - AISLE SIX - A FEW SECONDS LATER**

The video games are in a locked Plexiglass case. Bart sticks his hand through the small hole and longingly examines BoneStorm through the glass. (In the background, we see Jasper admiring the BoneStorm Arthritis Cream with equal desire.) Bart's hand is suddenly pinched as the case slides open. We **WIDEN** to see a CLERK opening it for a **SPOILED LITTLE BOY** and his Range-Rover-driving **RICH SUBURBAN MOM**.

RICH SUBURBAN MOM

Gavin, don't you already have this game?

SPOILED LITTLE BOY (GAVIN)

No, Mom, you idiot. I have BloodStorm  
and BoneSquad and BloodStorm II,  
stupid.

RICH SUBURBAN MOM

I'm sorry. We'll take a BoneStorm.

GAVIN

Get two. I'm not sharing with Caitlin.  
They leave with two games.

BART

(AWED) That must be the happiest kid  
in the world.

JIMBO and NELSON approach, looking sneaky. Each has  
several suspicious bulges in his clothes.

JIMBO

Hey, Simpson! Check this out.

Jimbo lifts up his cap to reveal a football with a price-  
tag.

NELSON

Look what I got!

Nelson opens his vest to reveal another identical vest with  
a price-tag on it.

NELSON (CONT'D)

It's the kind I like!

BART

(WHISPERS) Are you guys shoplifting?

JIMBO

Four finger discount, dude.

NELSON

Shoplifting is a victimless crime, like  
punching someone in the dark.

They exit, **CHUCKLING**. Bart turns back to the video game case and notices that the clerk has left it unlocked. His eyes widen and he looks around furtively.

**BART'S P.O.V.**

The clerk is far down the aisle with the rich mother, dealing with Gavin as he has a tantrum.

GAVIN

I'm sick of my dog! I want a new one!

Bart turns back to the case, where BoneStorm gleams enticingly.

**BART'S FANTASY**

Video game characters (including "Super Mario Brothers"-types, a "Sonic the Hedgehog"-type, a "Donkey Kong"-type, etc.) start coming to life and stepping off their boxes.

MARIO-TYPE CHARACTER

(ITALIAN ACCENT) Go ahead-a, Bart.

Take-a the BoneStorm!

MARIO-TYPE CHARACTER #2

(ITALIAN ACCENT) The store is-a so  
rich, she'll-a never notice.

DONKEY KONG-TYPE

("GOOFY" VOICE) It's the company's  
fault for making you want it so much.

LEE TREVINO

Don't do it, son. How's that game  
gonna help your putting?

SONIC-TYPE

(RAPID CHATTERING) Just take it!

TakeItTakeItTakeItTakeItTakeIt!

BACK TO REALITY

Bart summons his nerve, grabs BoneStorm, and tucks it under his coat. Trying to look nonchalant, he walks a little too quickly toward the door. He makes it outside and stops.

BART

(TENTATIVELY) I'm outside. I got away  
with it! I'm free!

Suddenly, a large hand comes down on Bart's shoulder. Bart wheels around and sees a shiny badge at eye level that reads "Store Security". He looks up and sees a grim-faced, steel-jawed DETECTIVE.

DETECTIVE

Sir, would you open your coat please?

BART

(DESPERATE) Uh... I don't think this  
is the kind of coat that opens.

DETECTIVE

Please step back into the store, sir.

BART

(GULP)

The store detective escorts a petrified Bart back inside. As they pass, Gavin and his mother look at Bart disdainfully.

RICH SUBURBAN MOM

That boy's parents must've made some  
terrible mistakes.



GAVIN

Shut up, Mom.

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

INT. TRY-N-SAVE - A MOMENT LATER

The detective leads a terrified Bart through the store, his hand clasped firmly on Bart's shoulder. They pass a "Santa's Workshop" display, where a jolly Santa Claus offers Bart a candy cane.

SANTA CLAUS

Ho ho ho! Here you go, li'l fella!

DETECTIVE

No. Not for him.

SANTA CLAUS

(SUDDENLY GRIM) Oh. I see.

Santa **CRUSHES** the candy cane to dust in his black glove. The Detective and Bart **SMASH** through some double doors and into...

INT. TRY-N-SAVE - DINGY WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The two pass a series of unattractive back-room sights including: a nightmarish array of mannequin parts (bald heads, severed arms, etc.), a middle-aged saleswoman in her bra smoking a cigarette, and forklifts dumping crates into a furnace. They're labelled "Replacement-Player Baseball Cards (Free Todd McCarthy in Every Box!)." Bart looks longingly as they pass a huge pallet of BoneStorm cartridges. The detective indifferently steps on a stray one, **CRUSHING** it. He **KICKS** it aside.

BART

(SUPPRESSED WHIMPER)

The detective leads Bart up a flight of **CREAKY** wooden stairs to the security office in the upper corner of the warehouse.

INT. TRY-N-SAVE - SECURITY OFFICE - A FEW MINUTES LATER

They sit in the spartan office, which is lit by harsh fluorescent light. The detective stares at Bart for a beat. Without saying a word, he lights a cigarette, puts a videocassette in an old VCR, and pushes play.

ON TV

TROY MCCLURE, in trench-coat, walks through a department store.

TROY MCCLURE

Hi, I'm Troy McClure. You might remember me from such hard-boiled crime flicks as "It Takes A Thief To Steal Things" and "Astro-Heist On Gemini III." I'm here today to give you the skinny on shoplifting, thereby completing my plea bargain with the good people at Foot Locker of Beverly Hills.

Troy, still in trenchcoat, is suddenly walking through an ancient marketplace. (As he narrates, we see the action he describes.)

TROY MCCLURE (CONT'D)

Shoplifting began here, in ancient Phoenicia. Thieves would literally lift the corner of a shop in order to snatch the sweet olives within. (TO SHOPLIFTER) Oh, Shehegazaramesh, will you ever learn? Flash forward to ancient Babylonia --

The detective disgustedly SLAMS the VCR with his fist, shutting it off.

DETECTIVE

Alright, show's over.

BART

(TAKEN ABACK) E-excuse me?

DETECTIVE

You think you're pretty smart, don't  
you?

BART

(SCARED) No.

DETECTIVE

Don't smart off to me, smart guy.

He stares at Bart stonily.

BART

I-I could pay for the game. I'll pay  
for it.

DETECTIVE

That kind of mush might fly at Lamps  
Plus, but don't peddle it here. If I  
wanted smoke blown up my ass, I'd be at  
home with a pack of cigarettes and a  
short length of hose.

BART

(NERVOUS CHUCKLE)

DETECTIVE

That's it, Mr. Comedian. I'm calling  
your parents.

BART

(SMALL GASP)

The detective picks up the phone and starts dialing. In  
the background, Bart shakes his head frantically.

DETECTIVE

Hello, Mr. and Mrs. Simpson, this is Detective Don Brodka from Try-N-Save security. (BEAT) That's right, Don Brodka. Your son Bart has been caught shoplifting. Uh-huh.

In the background, Bart hangs his head in despair.

DETECTIVE (CONT'D)

It's a shame, I know. But try to have a merry Christmas.

He hangs up.

DETECTIVE (CONT'D)

They weren't home. Uh-huh. But I left a message on their answering machine. That's right.

BART

(ANXIOUS) Okay, I've really really really learned my lesson. Can I please go now?

DETECTIVE

Yeah, get out of my sight.

Bart rushes to the door.

DETECTIVE (CONT'D)

Kid, one more thing: if you ever set foot in this store again, you'll be spending next Christmas in Juvenile Hall, capiche?

Bart stands silent with a blank expression.

DETECTIVE (CONT'D)

Well, do you understand?!

BART

Everything except "capiche"...

The detective watches Bart leave with a dark glower. Still glowering, he takes a Cheez 'n' Crackers pack from his desk and begins angrily spreading cheese on a cracker. The cracker **BREAKS**.

DETECTIVE

(MUTTERED CURSES)

**EXT. STREET - A FEW MINUTES LATER**

Bart is biking home as fast as he can.

BART

(TO SELF) Gotta change that answering  
machine tape! Oh God, I gotta change  
that tape!

The Simpson car speeds by.

HOMER

Gotta change Maggie! Dear God, we  
gotta change Maggie!

We see an uncomfortable Marge and Homer riding with their heads out the window as a sour-faced Maggie sits in her car seat. Bart **ZOOMS** off, taking a shortcut.

**INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - A FEW MINUTES LATER**

CLOSE-UP on the answering machine. It blinks and ominously flashes "1." A finger pushes the 'Play' button. We **WIDEN** TO REVEAL it is Homer.

HOMER

We didn't have a message when we left.

How very odd.

ANSWERING MACHINE (V.O.)

(ALLAN SHERMAN) Hello, Muddah. Hello,  
Faddah. Here I am, at Camp Granada...

HOMER

(CALLING O.S.) Marge, is Lisa at Camp  
Granada?

**INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - TV ROOM - SIMULTANEOUS**

Bart stands with the real answering machine tape and the  
empty Allan Sherman cassette box.

BART

(CHUCKLES) Now to put this tape where  
no one will ever listen to it.

He puts the tape into the Allan Sherman box and puts the  
box back on the shelf.

**INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - KITCHEN - THE NEXT MORNING**

Homer, Lisa, and Maggie are eating breakfast in their best  
clothes. Marge opens the refrigerator to reveal a wall of  
egg nog cartons.

MARGE

Homer, didn't you get any milk? All I  
see is egg nog.

HOMER

'Tis the season, Marge! We only get  
thirty sweet, noggy days, then the  
government takes it away again!

Homer pours egg nog in his coffee. Maggie futilely tries  
to **SUCK** the thick egg nog out of her bottle, then pounds  
the bottom like a ketchup bottle. Lisa takes a heavy  
spoonful of her egg nog-covered cereal.

LISA

I think I'm having chest pains.

Bart enters in his pajamas.

MARGE

Bart, get your suit on.

BART

(WHINY) Mo-omm, I don't wanna wear my-

MARGE

We're getting our Christmas picture  
taken.

BART

(WHINY) Mo-omm, I don't wanna get my--

MARGE

What's the big deal? It's just a  
simple trip to Try-N-Save.

BART

(STRICKEN) Try-N-Save?!

We hear a cartoony **STEAM WHISTLE**, and steam shoots out of  
Bart's ears.

MARGE

Oh, good. My teapots are ready.

She lifts up two teapots from the range behinds Bart's  
head.

**INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - FOYER - A FEW MINUTES LATER**

Homer, Marge, Lisa and Maggie wait by the front door.

MARGE

(CALLING UPSTAIRS) Bart, what's taking  
so long? If you're having that problem  
with your zipper, I'll send your father  
up.



Bart comes downstairs wearing his suit, sunglasses, and a fur hat with ear-flaps.

MARGE (CONT'D)

Why are you wearing Grampa's flap-cap?

BART

(COVERING) Christmas is in the winter.

I want this photo to reflect that.

Marge takes the hat and sunglasses off Bart. Then she notices that his nose and chin are larger and more rugged than normal.

MARGE

What's the matter with your face? Is that a fake nose? Are you wearing chin putty?

BART

(INDIGNANT) I don't have to listen to these wild allegations.

His rubber nose falls off. The dog picks it up and loudly chews it like a piece of gum. Marge peels off Bart's false chin.

MARGE

Please, Bart, no more pranks.

(HEARTFELT) It would mean so much to me if we could have just one nice family photo.

Marge walks Bart down the stairs past a series of family Christmas photos. In each one, Bart is doing something to ruin the picture: crossing his eyes, flipping the third of his four fingers, or holding a speech-balloon sign over Homer that reads "I STINK."

HOMER

(NOTICING PHOTO) Hey! I don't  
remember saying that!

**INT. SIMPSON CAR - BACK SEAT - A LITTLE LATER**

A miserable Bart sits in the back seat.

MARGE (O.S.)

Uh-oh. Almost forgot to lock the  
doors.

All four doors lock with an ominous **CLACK**. Bart **MOANS** and  
stares despondently at the back of the front seat.

**BART'S P.O.V.**

The seat-back transforms into the unforgiving form of Det.  
Don Brodka -- the headrest his face, the seat his torso,  
the shoulder restraint his arm.

DETECTIVE

I hope you're going to the Valley Vista  
Try-N-Save, kid, cause if you ever set  
foot in my store, it's Juvenile Hall.

He opens the ashtray on his "stomach" and flicks his  
cigarette into it.

DETECTIVE (CONT'D)

Cat-feesh?

**EXT. TRY-N-SAVE - PARKING LOT - A LITTLE LATER**

The Simpsons get out of their car and start the long walk  
to the store.

BART

So we're just going to do this picture  
and get out, right? Ba-da-bing ba-da-  
boom?

LISA

I wanna look at the pets and write  
things on the typewriters and see if  
the new dictionaries are in!

MARGE

Okay.

HOMER

I wanna price some flip-flops and smell  
the new tires and consult the  
pharmacist!

MARGE

Sure. We're gonna have a great day.

Ba-da-bing ba-da-boom, right Bart?

Bart?

She turns to see that Bart is lagging far behind. He has  
turned up his collar and is looking around furtively.

MARGE (CONT'D)

What's wrong, honey?

HOMER

(CUTESY) Uh-oh. Somebody's got tired  
little legs.

Homer scoops Bart up, puts him on his shoulders, and  
carries him into the store. We quickly PAN UP to a terror-  
stricken Bart, who's almost face-to-face with a swiveling  
security camera.

HOMER (CONT'D)

Hmm. Wonder where the flip-flops  
are.... (LOOKING AROUND) "Menswear?"

Homer paces indecisively, keeping Bart directly in front of the security camera. Bart has to bob and weave like a prize-fighter to avoid it.

HOMER (CONT'D)

Maybe it's "Sporting Goods"... Wait,  
no, "Sleepwear"... Oh, probably "Better  
Living."

Homer heads in that direction. Bart dives off and into adjacent bin of flip-flops. (The sign reads "Rubber Sandals - 39 Cents.") Bart pops his head out of the bin, and we hear a **DRAMATIC STING** as Det. Brodka passes by, with a hold on Nelson.

DETECTIVE

(TO NELSON) If I ever see your face  
again, you'll spend Christmas in  
Juvenile Hall! Capiche?!

NELSON

Huh?

The detective shoves Nelson out the door, then lights up a cigarette and stands in the exit. He turns in Bart's direction. Bart quickly ducks back under the flip-flops and cowers there in the darkness.

### **BART'S FANTASY**

The CAMERA PULLS BACK from a pathetic Charlie Brown-style Christmas tree to reveal we're in a dreary barracks-like room. A sign reads "Juvenile Hall -- Proud Home of the Soap Bar Beating." Coal-filled stockings with inmate numbers on them hang over the mantle. The young cons, including Bart, Nelson, Jimbo, etc., (wearing orange jumpsuits) stand in line to receive their presents from a MANGY SANTA CLAUS in bullet-proof glass booth. A guard keeps the kids in line.

GUARD

(DRILL SERGEANT-TYPE) Stand behind the yellow line! You will now receive your Christmas presents, donated by the Port Authority Lost & Found Office. Pass your chit to Santa to receive your gift! If you do not have a chit, you will not receive a gift!

Jimbo steps forward and receives his gift, then Nelson.

JIMBO

(EXCITED) Wow! The March 8th newspaper!

NELSON

Cool! A book of carpet samples!

Nelson rubs the carpet samples appreciatively. Then Bart steps up, with his fingers crossed and his eyes closed.

BART

Come on, new bike!

MANGY SANTA

(THROUGH LOUSY SPEAKER) Morry Hasshass ana Offy Ew Ear. (CLICKS OFF)

BART

Oh. A soiled wig.

Bart shuffles off and glumly sits on his bunk. Then he puts on the wig, trying to make the most of it.

GUARD (O.S.)

And remember, gentlemen, because it is  
Christmas -- the snack bar will be  
closed.

**INT. TRY-N-SAVE - PHOTO DEPARTMENT - A LITTLE LATER**

The family enters the photo department at the rear of the store. Sample portraits of the Flanders family in their Sunday best line the wall. Homer notices a novelty portrait of Ned on a phony Time magazine cover with the caption "Man of the Century."

HOMER

Hey, that's unfair -- this century's  
not over yet. There's still time for  
me to make history. (TRYING TO BE  
STATESMANLIKE, ADDRESSING STORE)  
People of Homericia, I offer you world  
peace, but first, a few glorious wars  
of revenge. Now go! Kill! Kill, my  
pretties!

Homer sits down regally. Unfazed shoppers continue sorting through sale bins. The photographer positions the rest of the family for their portrait.

MARGE

Wait! I don't want Maggie's face  
hidden behind that pacifier. (TAKES  
PACIFIER)

MAGGIE

(STARTS WHIMPERING)

Bart sees Detective Brodka patrolling a distant aisle and begins fidgeting impatiently.

MARGE

(TO MAGGIE) It's okay, Honey, Mommy  
just wants to see your pretty face.

MAGGIE

(WHIMPERS)

PHOTOGRAPHER

Don't worry, Momma. I can put a smile  
on Baby's face.

He takes down a balloon taped to the wall and slowly unties  
it.

PHOTOGRAPHER (CONT'D)

Okay, Sugarplum, it's time to meet Mr.  
Funny-Voice. (INHALES FROM BALLOON,  
THEN VERY HIGH VOICE) Hellooooo-- (BACK  
TO REGULAR VOICE) --oooh, it's just  
air.

Detective Brodka strolls by in the opposite direction, a  
few aisles closer than before.

BART

(FRUSTRATED MOAN)

PHOTOGRAPHER

That's right, I used all the helium for  
my son's birthday party. He turned  
twelve, you know. (WISTFULLY) Twelve  
years. And what do I have to show for  
it? Just a bunch of blurry photos.

Brodka passes by, now just a few aisles away. Bart puts  
his hand behind Maggie's head and pulls her mouth into a  
forced smile with his fingers.

BART

(DESPERATE) Hey, F-Stop Fitzgerald,  
the baby's smiling, the family's full  
of Christmas cheer, the only person who  
isn't doing their job is you!

PHOTOGRAPHER

(PATRONIZING) Okay, people. Stop.  
Hey! (CHEERFUL) What's that sound?  
Everybody look -- What's going down?  
He lowers a toy bird in his hand.

PHOTOGRAPHER (CONT'D)

It's a birdie. One...

BART

(THROUGH CLENCHED TEETH) Ush de utton!  
Ush de utton!

PHOTOGRAPHER

Two...

With a bright flash, the photographer **SNAPS** the photo.

**CLOSE-UP ON THE PHOTO**

It is a perfect portrait, with the exception of Bart, who  
is being yanked roughly out of frame by a burly arm.

**BACK TO SCENE**

DETECTIVE

I thought I told you: no returns (POKES  
BART'S CHEST) for busted merchandise.

HOMER

What are you doing to my son?!!



DETECTIVE

I'm afraid your son broke the Eleventh  
Commandment: Thou shalt not steal.

MARGE

That's crazy! Bart's not a shoplifter!  
He's just a little boy!

A small crowd begins to gather.

DETECTIVE

Sure, now he's just a little boy  
stealing little toys, but someday he'll  
be a grown man stealing stadiums... And  
quarries.

MARGE

(FIRMLY) My son may not be perfect,  
but I know in my heart he's not a  
shoplifter.

SMASH CUT TO:

**CLOSE-UP OF HAND INSERTING A VIDEOTAPE INTO A VCR**

The tape reads "SURVEILLANCE TAPE -- 12/21." PULL BACK to  
see we are in...

**INT. TRY-N-SAVE - ELECTRONICS DEPARTMENT - A SECOND LATER**

Detective Brodka has inserted the videotape into a VCR in  
the middle of a large television display. The Simpsons and  
a small crowd stand by. The tape begins to count down on  
all the screens.

MARGE

Fine. Play the tape. Then everyone  
can see you've got the wrong boy.

On the screens, we see a hunched-over figure in the video  
game department.

BART

Uhh, Mom...

The figure furtively tucks the videogame under his coat and turns to face the camera. It's Bart. Brodka freezes the tape. Marge, crushed, stares at the screen.

BART (CONT'D)

Mom? (NO RESPONSE) Mom?

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - AN HOUR LATER

HOMER

(LIVID) Stealing?! How could you?!  
Haven't you learned anything from that  
guy who gives those sermons at church?  
Captain what's-his-name? We live in a  
society of laws. Why do you think I  
took you to all those "Police Academy"  
movies? For fun? Well, I didn't hear  
anybody laughing, did you? Except at  
that guy who made sound effects.

(MAKES A SERIES OF SOUND EFFECTS THAT  
DON'T SOUND LIKE ANYTHING) (CHUCKLES)  
Where was I? Oh yeah, stay out of my  
booze!

Bart stares at him for a second, then turns toward Marge.

BART

Mom, I'm really sorry.

MARGE

I know you are...

BART

Is there anything I can do?

MARGE

I don't know. (BEAT) Why don't you go  
to bed?

BART

(RELIEVED) Can do.

Bart bounds up the stairs. Marge hangs the new screwed-up family portrait above the mantel. It tilts to one side.

MARGE

(SIGH)

She walks away without fixing it.

**INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - KID'S BATHROOM - FIVE MINUTES LATER**

Bart and Lisa are brushing their teeth.

BART

Man, I thought Mom was gonna scream my eyebrows off, but she didn't even raise her voice. Talk about a slap on the wrist.

LISA

I admit I haven't known Mom as long as you have, but I know when she's really upset. Bart, her heart won't just wipe clean like this bathroom counter-top. It absorbs everything that touches it, like this bathroom rug.

BART

(DISMISSIVE SOUND)

Bart walks out of the bathroom across the badly stained rug. We hear **SQUISHY** sounds.

**INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - BART'S BEDROOM - A LITTLE LATER**

Bart lies in his bed in his pajamas. From Lisa's room we hear...

MARGE (O.S.)

Lisa's on the sleepy train / To rest  
her weary head / Her ticket is a candy  
cane / Made out of gingerbread.

LISA (O.S.)

(CONTENTED GIGGLE) Goodnight, Mom.

MARGE (O.S.)

Goodnight, sweetheart.

Bart hears Marge's **FOOTSTEPS** approaching.

BART

(SIGHS) Oh, boy. Here comes the tuck-  
in express.

He untucks his covers and lies there expectantly. Marge  
stops in the doorway.

MARGE

(PLEASANT) Goodnight.

She **CLICKS** off the light and walks down the hall. Bart  
stays perfectly still and glances around uncertainly in the  
dark.

**INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Marge climbs into bed with Homer. Homer, in bi-focals,  
sits upright working something out on a legal pad. There  
are a few crumpled up sheets of paper around him.

HOMER

I've figured out the boy's punishment.  
First: he's grounded. No leaving the  
house, not even for school. Second: No  
eggnog, period. And last, no stealing  
for three months.

MARGE

I always thought I understood my special little guy. But somewhere along the road, his hand slipped away from mine.

HOMER

Eh, what are you gonna do?

We see Homer has been doodling a picture of a robot roasting hot dogs over a flaming garbage can.

MARGE

I guess when kids go out in the world, a mother's voice becomes just one among many. There's the peer group, television, books and monographs, flag-burning disc-jockeys, off-color riddle cups, T-shirts saying "This Sucks" and "That Sucks," skywriting that distracts the many for the good of the few, would-be Elvises spouting nonsense about their girlfriends' bikinis, street-corner dream merchants peddling pre-fab salvation...

HOMER

Yeah, when you think of it, we're pretty lucky. G'night, honey.

He turns off the light.

ESTABLISHING SHOT - SIMPSON HOUSE - THE NEXT MORNING

It's snowing outside.

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - KITCHEN - SIMULTANEOUS

Homer, Marge, Lisa and Maggie are having breakfast. A drowsy Bart enters.

BART

How come nobody woke me up?

MARGE

(PLEASANT) Here's your hot chocolate.

Marge hands Bart a cup. He looks around the table and notices everyone else has a marshmallow floating in their hot chocolate.

BART

Hey, you didn't put my marshmallow in.

MARGE

I think you're old enough to do it  
yourself now.

Marge hands him the bag of "Clown Party Brand Marshmallows."

BART

(A BIT CONFUSED) Oh, okay.

Bart looks at Lisa. She gives him an "I told you so" look. Bart pulls a marshmallow out and drops it in his cup. It floats for a moment then sinks to the bottom.

BART (CONT'D)

(SIGHS)

INT. VAN HOUTEN - MILHOUSE'S ROOM - A LITTLE WHILE LATER

Bart enters Milhouse's room.

BART

Milhouse, do you ever worry that your  
mom might stop loving you?

MILHOUSE

I'm more worried about piranhas.

(BUILDING TO A FRANTIC PACE) Didja see that movie where they send a nuclear submarine to fight the piranhas and one of them swims right down the periscope and bites the guy in the eye and he goes "Aaaaaagh! Aaaagh! Aaaagh!" and that old lady told 'em it would happen!

BART

Yeah, that was pretty good.

Bart notices the BoneStorm cartridge lying on the floor.

BART (CONT'D)

Hey, how come you're not playing BoneStorm?

MILHOUSE

It got boring. I'm really into this cup and ball now.

He picks up a cup and ball game and begins playing.

MILHOUSE (CONT'D)

(AS HE PLAYS) Whoa! Wow! Man, you never know which way this crazy ball is going to go!

BART

Yeah, right. You're just trying to trick me because you don't want me playing your videogame.



Milhouse tosses BoneStorm to Bart.

MILHOUSE

Here. Go ahead.

After a beat...

BART

No, let me try the cup and ball.

MILHOUSE

Get your own!!

BART

C'mon, don't be a cup and ball hog!

They start to fight over game.

MILHOUSE

(CALLING OUT) Mom! Bart's smoking!

SMASH CUT TO:

**INT. VAN HOUTEN HOUSE - FOYER - A MINUTE LATER**

Bart is being quickly ushered down the stairs and out the door by Milhouse's mother.

BART

Okay, okay, I won't bug Milhouse... But  
can I hang out with you?

MRS. VAN HOUTEN

(BEAT) All right, but I'm just doing  
laundry with a Walkman on.

BART

(TOO EAGER) Okay!

**INT. VAN HOUTEN HOUSE - LAUNDRY ROOM - A LITTLE LATER**

Bart sits on the dryer and watches Mrs. Van Houten, wearing her Walkman, folding towels.

MRS. VAN HOUTEN

(SINGING) Just another manic Monday /  
Ooo, ooo, ooo / I wish it were Sunday /  
'Cause that's my fun day / My I-don't-  
have-to-run-day.

**EXT. EVERGREEN TERRACE - A SHORT WHILE LATER**

It's sunny and the snow is already beginning to melt. As Bart turns onto his street, he hears Marge's **LAUGHTER** coming from the Simpson yard.

BART

Hey, that's Mom! And she's happy  
again!

Bart runs up to his house to join them. He stops in his tracks, stricken.

**MUSIC: DRAMATIC STING**

BART (CONT'D)

You guys made a snowman family?

We see the family has obviously spent a long time building elaborate snowmen. They're very accurate, except Homer's, which makes him look incredibly buff.

HOMER

Check it out, boy! It's like looking  
in a snow mirror!

BART

Why didn't you wait for me?

MARGE

I didn't think you'd mind, Bart. I figured you were getting a little too old for this. But you can still make one. There's some snow left under the car.

The family goes inside. Bart starts to gather the snow from under the car. He struggles to pry off the grimy chunk from under the wheel well.

**EXT. SIMPSON HOUSE - FRONT YARD - A LITTLE LATER**

Bart has piled his dirty chunks into a little dark troll. He looks up to see the family watching him from the living room. Lisa gives him a thumbs up. He turns back to the snow-troll. A bird lands on the thing's head and pulls out an old candy wrapper, splitting the head in half.

BART

(FRUSTRATED NOISE) Maybe I am the black sheep.

He shuffles off.

**EXT. SPRINGFIELD - STREET - EVENING**

Bart walks along dejectedly. He stops in front of the Try-N-Save. A sly smile comes across his face. He makes sure the coast is clear and quickly enters the store.

DISSOLVE TO:

**INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - FRONT HALLWAY - AN HOUR LATER**

Marge and Lisa are **SPRAYING** aerosol snow on the Christmas tree.

LISA

Mom, this fake snow is making me dizzy!

MARGE

We're almost finished. There's just a little bit of green left.

Marge continues **SPRAYING**. Behind her, the front door opens and Bart sneaks in.

MARGE (CONT'D)

(SEEING BART) There you are! You can  
help me spray the cookies...

She notices a very obvious bulge under Bart's jacket.

MARGE (CONT'D)

Are you hiding something? What do you  
have under your jacket?

Bart starts to back away.

BART

(GUILTY) Nothing.

MARGE

Oh, Bart, not again... Give it to me.

BART

I told you I don't have anything.

Bart bolts and Marge chases after him.

MARGE

You can't hide from me in this house,

Bart! I spend 23 hours a day here!

Bart runs toward a doorway. Homer steps out in front of him and quickly pulls the baby-guard across the doorway. He stands behind it and grins like a Southern deputy.

HOMER

Get 'im, Ma!

Bart wheels around. Marge is standing right there.

MARGE

There's no place left to run, Bart.

Hand it over.

Bart reluctantly pulls something out from under his jacket and hands it to Marge.

MARGE (CONT'D)

Oh, Bart. I can't believe you did this.

We see it's a beautiful framed picture of a smiling Bart. Clipped to it is a receipt that says: PAID IN FULL \$12.00.

BART

I wanted to hide it in my room and surprise you on Christmas.

MARGE

(MISTY) Well, I'm glad I caught you. This is the best present I'll ever get.

HOMER

Don't forget the "watch" I'm getting you.

MARGE

(HUGGING AND KISSING BART) I love you so much, my little Barty-baby.

BART

(PROTESTS, BUT SECRETLY ENJOYING) Mo-  
ommm...

She scoops Bart into her arms.

MARGE

I'm going to tuck you in right now!

Bart looks at the clock. It says 5:30.

BART

But it's only...

He looks into her loving eyes.

BART (CONT'D)

(YAWNS) You know, I am kind of  
tuckered out.

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - BART'S BEDROOM - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Marge is pulling the covers up over Bart.

MARGE

As long as I got a present early, I  
thought you should get one, too.

LISA

(PASSING BY) Bart got a present  
early?! Then I should get a present  
early! I want a present!

MARGE

Go bug your father, Lisa...

She hands him a gift-wrapped box.

MARGE (CONT'D)

Now I still think you spend too much  
time playing video games, but...

BART

(EXCITED) You got me...?

He quickly **TEARS** the wrapping off, and we see it's Lee  
Trevino's Putting Challenge.

BART (CONT'D)

(FOR MARGE'S BENEFIT) "Lee's  
Challenge!" Cool!

MARGE

I'm glad you like it. That space game  
was just too expensive.

Bart picks up the phone and quickly dials.

BART

Milhouse, guess what I've got? "Lee  
Trevino's Putting Challenge!" And you  
can't play it!

Bart hangs up.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. MILHOUSE'S HOUSE

Milhouse pleads to his parents.

MILHOUSE

But I've just got to have it! It  
challenges your putts and everything!!

FADE OUT:

THE END

UNDER THE CLOSING CREDITS:

We see Lee Trevino's Putting Challenge being played. Onscreen, two golfers are putting. Lee Trevino's putt goes in perfectly.

LEE TREVINO

(VERY STIFF) Whomp! There it is!

(LAUGHS)

The other golfer putts and misses.

LEE TREVINO (CONT'D)

Tough break, Chi-Chi. Maybe you should work on your putting.

CHI-CHI RODRIGUEZ

Putt this, Trevino!

Chi-Chi hits Lee in the head with his golf club. Lee jumps back up and raises his club.

LEE TREVINO

Time to make a hole in one dumb golfer's head!

The two golfers engage in a violent, "Mortal Kombat"-style martial arts battle.

END OF CREDITS